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### NATION AND CITY.

All eyes to-day are turned to Washington, where the fifty-eighth Congress is to begin its first regular session. And that is right, for there is something uplifting in the affairs of a mighty nation, and when all the world listens respectfully to a President's message we must give heed to it, too.

But while we are giving to Congress and the President the assurance of our distinguished consideration let us not neglect matters of even more practical importance to ourselves. From The World's dome one can look out on a clear day over the homes of more people than were living in the whole United States when George Washington opened the first session of the First Congress under the Constitution. More votes were cast for Mayor of New York last month than were cast for President of the United States when John Quincy Adams beat Jackson. This city's budget of revenues and expenditures is nearly twice as great as that of the nation was when the Republican party began the lease of power it has held, with brief intervals, ever since. Every New Yorker pays to his city government on an average three times as much as he pays to the Government at Washington.

And the financial side is the smallest part of our interest in this huge world-city of ours. When the numbers that now live within fifteen miles of our City Hall were scattered in Washington's time over eight hundred thousand square miles it was possible for a man to live his own life in his own cabin without thinking about his neighbors. But now we are crowded into one vast family. We all help to fix the quality of the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the houses we live in, the pavements we walk on, the cars we ride in, the schools in which we build the minds and bodies of our children. Public spirit is for us a matter of the plainest self-interest. The New Yorker who tries to ignore his duty to the community is a fool.

Suppose we try a race with Congress. Let us see how much we can do in the way of making this a better city to live in before our Representatives come home from Washington.

### POOR CANADA!

It is annoying to hear these Canadians boasting about the achievements of their ridiculous little country. Do they know that in the year 1901 there were only 322 divorced women in all Canada, against 1,059 in the single State of Rhode Island the year before and 2,061 in this city? We could fill the Metropolitan Opera House with divorces. In the whole province of Ontario, with over two million inhabitants, only forty-eight divorces have been granted in thirty years, and some years there are none. You can't get a divorce there without an act of Parliament. Yet Canada pretends to compare herself with the United States, which had 114,965 divorced women and 84,903 divorced men in 1900, including 30 divorced girls under fifteen years old and 2,427 more under nineteen.

### A POLICY OBJECT LESSON.

Yesterday morning, when children were pouring from sheltered homes into Sunday-school, a shivering boy of eleven was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court. He had been caught in a raid on a policy shop. His mother had forced him to walk seven or eight miles from their home in the Bronx to the joint on East Fourth street to risk the family's last 25-cent piece on the game that made Al Adams rich and thousands beggars. Just allow that picture to soak into your mind and then try to measure the quality of the "good fellows" in politics who license the policy robbers to prey upon the poor for a share of the dirty receipts.

### ARMED TO THE TEETH.

The frenzied race of armaments goes on without ceasing. Submarines, battle-ships, Krupp armor and high-powered guns tumble in mad profusion from the treasuries of the nations. And now the British Government has taken advantage of the public absorption in the fiscal controversy to launch upon a new and momentous naval undertaking. "By direction of the Admiralty," announces the London Times, "every boy on board the training ships at Portsmouth has been supplied with a toothbrush."

But before we throw stones at this British extravagance let us be sure that we are not living in a glass house ourselves. Over ten years ago it was discovered on the floor of the House of Representatives that a pending appropriation bill contained an item providing for soap for the cadets at West Point. If memory do not betray us, the statesman who exposed that job is still in Congress. Who can be sure that soap and even tooth-brushes may not lurk in some of our official estimates now?

### THE PERILS OF THE FIELD.

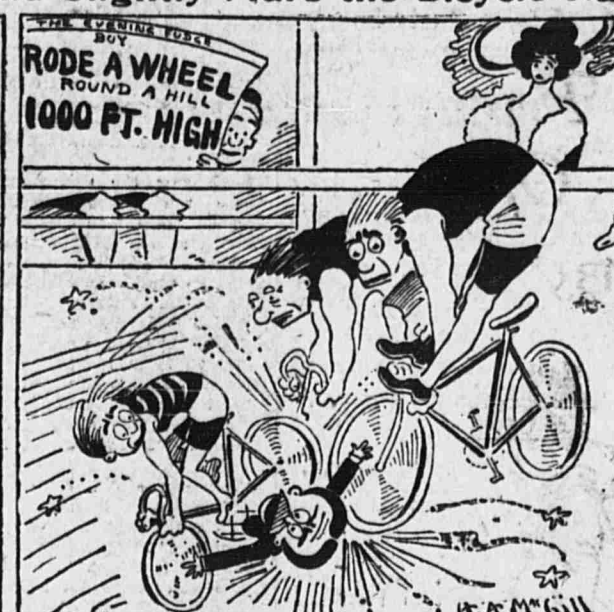
The interference of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to prevent the chase of a tame deer at Lakewood is resented by the "hunters," who assert that they have no intention of hurting their pet. No doubt they are sincere, but as a guarantee of good faith would it not be well for them to pull the teeth of the hounds before they start? Of course, in that case there would be the danger that the ferocious deer might turn and rend his pursuers. The fate of the hunter who was shot with his own gun by a rabbit that jumped out of his hole upon the barrel ought to be a warning to city people who venture upon these perilous enterprises.

Way on Sweatshops.—Cardinal Gibbons urges us all to fight the sweatshops by refusing to buy their products. An excellent plan if we can distinguish sweatshop products from other kinds. Perhaps a "fair treatment" label, on the play of the union label, awarded by a committee of citizens commanding public confidence to those establishments operated under civilized conditions, might answer this purpose.

Loans on Salaries.—In the Court of Appeals decision establishing 2 per cent. as the limit for loans on salaries, "vested financial agencies may feel that their line business has been interfered with. Also, the salaried employees will have to cultivate thrift, for it will be hard for them to get loans hereafter.

## THE IMPORTANT MR. PEEWEE---ISN'T HE A GREAT LITTLE MAN?

He Roots for Another Peewee at Madison Square Garden and Slightly Mars the Bicycle Race.



### The Girl Who Likes "The Boys."

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THERE is the society woman, hussy, slangy, loud-mouthed, who, when she wishes to refer to the masculine half of creation, talks about "the men." There is the more sedate middle-class person, who invariably says "the gentlemen," and there is the girl who talks about "the boys."

"All the boys were up at my house and we had a really time last night," she tells the friends whom she meets on her afternoon shopping tour, or "A whole crowd of boys came in and wanted to make a rabbit."

On Sunday, if she happens to teach Sunday-school, she discourses of the boys and the "rabbit" to her class, and the assembledurchins are only too glad to divert her from her half-hearted questions as to how many books there are in the Bible and what the word Bible comes from to the less exacting topic of her own popularity.

Who sent her the huge bunch of violets at her corsage? Really, she forgets which one of "the boys" sent that one. So many of them send her flowers, the silly things! And all violets—for they know that she doesn't care for any other flower.

And when she goes home she sprinkles the precious bunch—the first she has had in a month, probably—swathes it in tissue paper and puts it in the toolbox or out the window.

For if any of the boys should by any chance drop in that evening the violets must be on duty, and perhaps recruit another bunch for the next day.

The girl who talks about "the boys" is a sad flirt.

She tells you so. She tells "the boys" so. "Do you think I am a flirt?" she inquires archly of every new man presented to her, and before the somewhat dazed person has time to frame a proper reply, "The boys say I am an awful flirt! Do you think so?"

And, of course, the new man gallantly thinks so. What else is there left for him to do? To her girl friends she is even more startling.

"Don't sit on that sofa," she says to the astonished caller. "I would rather you wouldn't," and having thus called attention to the very unromantic piece of chair furniture, she adds, "I sat there yesterday with some one I know and I had such a good time."

Inquiry as to the nature of the good time throws the young woman into a reminiscent reverie, from which she finally awakens to say with vague tenderness: "Just—just spooning—with one of the boys."

For even in the discussion of her love affairs she clings to the impressive plural. Such is her love for numbers that, conversationally at least, she talks, she flirts, she spoons with the magnificent generality "the boys."

**METHODICAL.**  
"You say you never eat your Thanksgiving dinner until after sunset?"

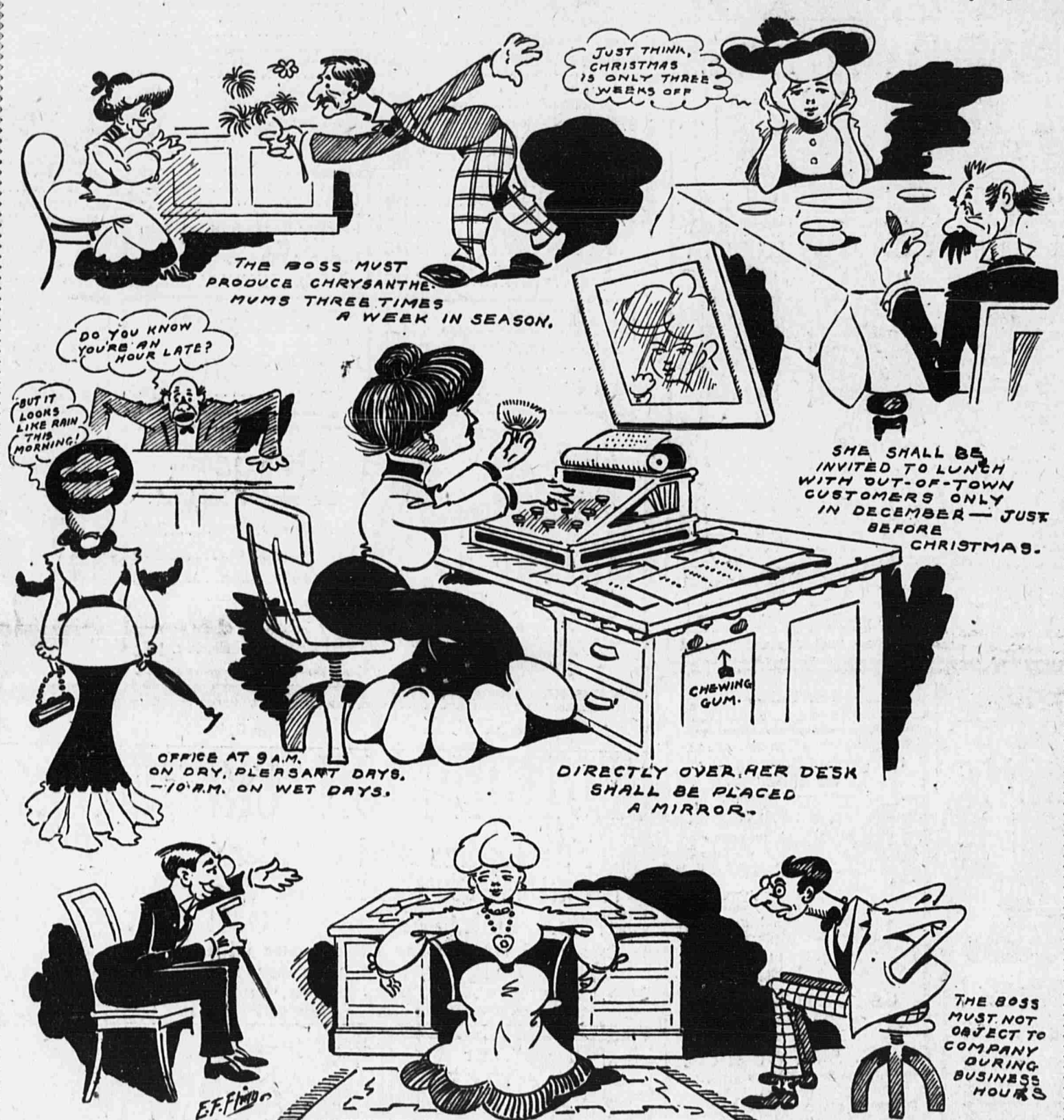
"Never," replied Mr. Biggins. "I always wait till the football game is over, and then, if I haven't any bones broke, we go ahead with the ceremony."—Washington Star.

**A BAD FAULT.**  
She—She's really too young to go shopping alone.  
He—Yes, she is rather impressionable.  
She—How do you mean?  
He—She's liable to get excited and buy something.—Philadelphia Press.

**LOVE IN LIMERICKS.**  
There was a young fellow named Leicester  
In love with a damsel named Helcester.  
She was a coquette,  
And when he called her "Puette,"  
She giggled: "You're only a Leicester." At this the young fellow named Leicester  
Froze like a raging nor'-wester.  
They melted her heart,  
And with movements delectable  
She yielded, and Leicester carelessly  
She yielded, and Leicester carelessly.

**EASILY BELIEVED.**  
"Many have said that if Longfellow were living to-day he could not sell his poems," remarked the girl with the book.  
"I'm sure of it," replied the amateur poet. "Why, I haven't been able to sell mine."—Philadelphia Record.

### A Stenographers' Union Next? Here Are Some of the Demands They May Make Upon Employers.



### NOVEL - READING NELLIE M'GEE. She Rouses the Chivalry of "Chimmie" and He Fights a Duel with His Rival.



### Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

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The Free and Unlimited Coinage of Slang.

"I SEE," remarked the Cigar Store Man, "that Frederick Manley, of Harvard University, made a speech to the Essex County (N.J.) Teachers' Association plugging for the free and unlimited coinage of slang.

"What is commonly regarded as slang by people who cannot stand for language unless it has the kosher seal on it," said the Man Higher Up, "is simply a short cut to perfection of expression. The father of the English language was a committee. It is a hash of words, derived, dragged, exploded, blasted, yanked, pulled, hauled, pushed, boosted, slid, rolled, jerked, kidnapped, swiped, dug, lifted and otherwise extracted from all other languages, living and dead—mostly dead. What is known as slang is the embalmer of English that is deceased and is not wise to the fact.

"There is slang in the original English version of the Bible; Shakespeare was the George Ade of his time, and our own early authors didn't brush by when they found a way to say something so that their readers would remember it. Expressions that were branded with the slang brand ten years ago are as thick in the standard dictionaries to-day as bones in a shad.

"To use slang—as it is understood—nowadays is no longer considered assault and battery on good taste except by those who have grown to consider usage as a joke. Ministers use slang in their pulpits, not because they want to, but because they can't get away from it. The people find it so much easier to talk simply and to the point that their example spreads to the preachers.

"The wise scholars are getting search warrants every day for defects in the English language, and there are more reform spelling and expression stunts framed up every week than there are patents taken out on air ships. Many of the guys with the billboard foreheads run to phonetic spelling, and a column of the stuff they write looks like type set with a pitchfork. We don't need any spelling reforms or any other kind of reforms. All we need is a license to say what we have to say in a way easily understood and the language will reform itself.

"The effectiveness of what is considered slang by the purists is best tested in conversation with a foreigner who is trying to get next to the curves of English. If you don't like his conversation and tell him that unless he ceases his remarks you will caress his visage with the extreme end of your right arm, the chances are that he will take off his hat and attempt to shake hands with you. But if you tell him that if he don't choke you'll break his face he'll either put up his guard or make a play for a stiletto."

"Do you think the use of slang will become universal?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"Hardly," responded the Man Higher Up. "The big percentage of people who think it eminently respectable to play tradition straight, place and show, will never be eliminated."

**Lace That Grows.**  
The lace bark tree (Lagetta lutea), one of the Daphnaceae may perhaps be called an eccentricity of nature. Its inner bark, when stretched laterally, resembles lace so nearly that it can be, and is, put to the ordinary uses of lace. In Jamaica, where this lofty tree grows in abundance, the bark is made into ruffles, collars, purses, caps, dollies, etc. The negroes also make durable clothing from it, while the white inhabitants use it for ropes and cables.  
A whip made from this tree was brought recently from Jamaica. The handle ends in a rosette, which is formed merely by a loosening of the inner bark. But much operation is necessary to persuade most persons that this is the case, and that a rosette of ordinary lace has not been affixed to the wood. The whip is "one piece" throughout, the bark being plaited to form the long, strong lash.  
A Governor of Jamaica is said to have presented Charles II. with a cravat, frill and ruffles made of this natural lace.

**A Record Flight.**  
A remarkable story of the flight of a carrier pigeon comes from Salt Lake City. A pigeon recently fell exhausted on the steps of a house there, and on its leg was a tiny band bearing the inscription, "J. H. K. Jr., H. M. S. Alliance." The Alliance is now on the Asiatic station, and as the bird was caked with salt it is supposed to have flown across the Pacific.

**A Freak Fire.**  
After picnicking under a haystack a party of holiday makers near Mantauban, France, left an empty ginger beer bottle standing up on the ground. The sun's rays became focused through the glass and set the stack alight. It was burned to the ground.

**An Earl-Minister.**  
Rev. John Sinclair, the eighteenth Earl of Caithness, has just been installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brookline, Mass. The Earl, as long as he lives, will be entitled to the title. A former earl willed the estate away, but the title can never be included in a will.